



J. Cruikshank. Del.

*The Corrupt Fortune Teller, and Artful Seducer,
with
The Little Cherub sitting up aloft.*

Published as the Act directs, by W. Locke, March 15.th 1792.



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THE



C H E R U B:

OR,

G U A R D I A N

OF

FEMALE INNOCENCE.

EXPOSING THE ARTS OF

BOARDING SCHOOLS
MIXED FORTUNE TELLERS

CORRUPT MILLINERS
APPARENT LADIES OF FASHION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR W. LOCKE, NO. 12, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN.

1792.

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INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the most rude and barbarous nations of the earth, the Seduction of female Innocence, is, and ever has been, held in the utmost degree of abhorrence, and punished with the most rigorous severity of law. In many parts of the world, open violation of female chastity is regarded as a moral and religious offence, of less atrocity, and treated, as such, with a less degree of legal coercion. Indeed, if we allow ourselves to contemplate coolly upon the comparative nature and consequences of each, notwithstanding the different punishments applied by our law, we shall find strong arguments in favour of this distinction; and, at all events, be induced to lament that some more effectual institutions are not adopted against a practice so ruinous to the earthly and eternal happiness of that sex, which the Poet so beautifully describes to be the fairest of creation, and the last and best of all God's works.

In treating the subject of Seduction fairly, and with philosophic comparison, we find, among a variety of arguments against it, the following:—

First, A Rape of violence may be in many cases induced by the appearance at least, if not by the reality, of a lewd and sensual disposition, in affording indelicate opportunities, and in allowing indiscreet familiarities, by which mens passions becoming ungovernable, break through the bounds of reason, and, notwithstanding the probably fatal consequence, urge them to a kind of ferocious gratification, which at other times they would shudder at. This kind of rape, although the laws do not admit of any palliation, may perhaps not improperly be compared to that kind of homicide, which, through compassion to human infirmity, is not legally, or indeed morally, regarded as murder—It may, in a variety of instances,

stances, be called a *rape* or *violation*, without *malice aforethought*; and, as such, certainly has claims on compassion.

Secondly, A rape of violence is by no means so dangerous in society as that of seduction, because women of modest and delicate dispositions, are seldom in situations liable to abuse.

Thirdly, Because women in general are by nature repulsive to rudeness—when they accept terms, it is by gradation; and when they surrender, it is more from affection than from fear. Among women, except those of a very depraved appetite, gross sensuality is held despicable; and, whatever may be the unavoidable sensibilities of nature, they abhor violence as much as they admire persuasion.

Fourthly, A rape of violence is both morally and religiously less hurtful on society than a rape of seduction, because the latter, in its progress, generally subverts the mind, as well as it dishonours the person and character of the sufferer. Indeed to any act unavoidable and compulsory, be it what it may, it is cruelty and injustice to attach censure of any kind; and it may be fairly said, that a modest woman, after being violated against her will, is, truly speaking, just as modest as she was before such misfortune happened. On the contrary, there can be at best but little excuse for a woman, who, in any case, *consents* to her own dishonour.

From these observations, it appears, that although rapes of violence are crimes of a very high nature, they are by no means so atrocious, or so justly punishable, as rapes of systematic seduction—to the first scarcely any woman of modesty, delicacy, and prudence is liable. From the latter it often requires more common understanding and caution to escape.

THE
C H E R U B.

- " Trust not to Man---we are, by nature, false;
" Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant.
" When a Man talks of Love, with caution hear him :
" But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.—OTWAY.

THIS preventive to the melancholy effects of Seduction, comprises an interesting register of authentic facts never before published, and intended by the Editor as cautionary specifics against the growth of female calamity, by exposing the various modes and artifices through which mankind render miserable that sex which they were intended to protect and honour.

But modesty, gentleness, good behaviour, and even good sense, cannot always repel the base insidious arts of systematic seduction.—The honied tongue, like the Edenian serpent, imparts the poison of loose wishes—the dishonest sighs which melodize persuasion—the agitated pressure which conflict, between virtue and desire, the lost impassioned bosom; and the impious vow, which attests the inhuman deception, too frequently succeed, and the unhappy object of momentary enjoyment becomes the prostrate immolation of perpetual infamy.—Youth, beauty, cheerfulness, and all those charming qualities which heaven intended to promote and secure the ardour of pure affection, and to hold the heart in acceptable captivity, are lost to the endearments of the world—and, as a fair flower whose root is honour, whose stem is friendship, and whose leaves are every tender virtue, falls beneath the insidious knife; so, hapless woman falls, beneath the artifice of seduction.

Under such probable dangers, it behoves every parent to be sedulously careful of the education of his female children, to square their ideas and manners agreeably to the fortunes they possess, or are likely to possess, and to their fixed or probable pursuits in society. Music, dancing, painting, the languages, poetry—in short, universal improvement both of the mind and body, is what the fondness and partiality of parents too much incline to and encourage; but however graceful those endowments may be, they often, especially if the proficient has not independence to support their consequence, lead to idleness, and attract to ruin!

Every parent will, therefore, do well, not only to study the genius of his children, especially females, but to check its tendency if it does not agree with his natural and rational means of indulgence, and with their prospects of futurity. Execution on the guitar, harp, or harpsichord, is but ill applied to fingers which destiny designs for making shirts and shifts—painting, but an unprofitable pursuit for such as are to exist behind the azil of a counter—and the Muses, but troublesome companions to those whose occupation it may be to rock the cradle, or listen to the discordant squallings of the nursery.

Notwithstanding the ardent disposition which all have for the possession of beauty, and notwithstanding the advantages which now and then result solely from its effects upon generous minds, certain it is, that even beauty, at whose shrine mankind should worship with awe and adoration, frequently, alas! too frequently, is the fatal source of perpetual sorrow and calamity. Beauty should, therefore, be carefully attended to: sedate and delicate, it should shine in mild retirement; and, by a diffident display of its own charms, induce not only admiration, but reverence. This, in the highest as well as the most humble spheres of life, is the surest means of preserving beauty from profanation, virtue incorruptible, and honour unsullied; and this should be the particular care of those whom Heaven has blessed with an opportunity of exercising parental affection and authority.

Did the limits of this publication admit, we could illustrate, by a variety of facts, the evil consequence of
parental

parental inattention to the several duties before-mentioned; but except such proofs as are immediately combined with the following examples, we must content ourselves with alledging, that in the voluminous registers of female prostitution, the folly, vanity, carelessness, and sometimes cruelty of parents and guardians, are more manifest and blameable than the giddiness and disobedience of children; and that if the former would condescend to read these pages, as well as the latter, both might be equally benefited.

Let those who revere the Tragic Muse, read the following beautiful and pathetic lines; and when they have read them, the application will, no doubt, be acknowledged.

To the unfortunate Miss SARAH W——.

Sweet Echo, Vocal Nymph, whose vocal tongue
Return'd the music of my SARAH's song,
O still repeat the soft enchanting lay
That gently steals the ravish'd soul away!
Shall sounds like these in circling air be tost?
And in the stream of vulgar noises lost?
Ye guardian Nymphs, who listen while she sings,
Bear the soft accents on your raptur'd wings;
With curious care the less'ning notes retain,
Nor let celestial sounds be spent in vain.
Yet, if too soon the transient sounds must fly,
A charm more lasting shall their loss supply.
While Harmony, with each attractive grace,
Plays in the fair proportions of her face;
While each soft air, engaging and serene,
Measures the well-tun'd mind that moves within.
Alike her singing and her silence move,
Whose voice is Musick, and whose looks are Love.

The fair unhappy subject of these lines was a Miss W——, of a genteel family, an easy fortune, and contented state, in the North of England. And why unhappy? Listen to her story.

Miss

Miss W—, with all that loveliness, all that sweetness, all that harmony of voice, of soul, and sentiment, described in those verses, had many admirers; had many opportunities of marriage: but her heart was devoted, and she reserved her hand to bestow it with.

The person honoured by her partiality, was son to a wealthy earl in the neighbourhood of her father's house. He was proud of rank and superior fortune; but youth was susceptible of extraordinary beauty; and his soul, haughty as it was, bowed down before the shrine of female fascination. Miss W—, in yielding this personage her heart, believed she was but returning and rewarding a pure and ardent passion.

Her father's residence being in a sporting country, not many miles from the mansion of Lord M—, the lover, often after the fatigue of the chase, accepted the hospitality of its venerable and respected owner, slept there occasionally, as if under the roof of his own parents, and never failed to take every opportunity of increasing the flame he too plainly observed he had kindled in the fair Sarah's heart. Her father, though a man of sense in other respects, suffered his ambition to outweigh his prudence; and in hopes of seeing his darling child dignify a title, suffered her to be too frequently alone with his noble guest.

Whether the young lord had at first formed a regular design of seduction, or whether accident, or unlooked-for opportunity, occasioned the lady's ruin, was never yet known with certainty; but true it is, that in some time her father's hopes and her mother's joys were eventually dashed from the very summit of exultation.

The beautiful Sarah, whose affection was as sincere as her sentiments were immaculate, lived in hopes of a formal proposal. She could not, however, but observe that her lover constantly avoided the least declaration of that kind; and though she entertained no suspicion of his honour, she often wondered at the philosophy of his patience.

Upon a hint, however, by Mr. W—, in the presence of Sarah, the noble lover took a private opportunity to observe that nothing but the most necessary prudence prevented him from acquainting his father with his passion.

sion, The earl, he observed, was avaricious in the extreme; and being in want of a large sum to redeem a mortgage which was threatened to be foreclosed, had proposed that he should join him in levying a fine of some lands, which were in immediate reversion. To this, he said, he had given a half consent, and only waited a fair opportunity to conclude the business, by making an approbation to their union, a condition of his concurrence.

There was something in this both natural and prudent; and Sarah hearing it with perfect satisfaction, communicated it to her mother the same evening. The mother, in an extacy of joy, told it to Mr. W—, and the whole family were made happy in the very moment when their perpetual misery was growing ripe for execution.

As Lord A. saw no glimmering of hope, should he make any direct attack upon Sarah's virtue, he gave up every such view. She had, however, a favourite female attendant, upon whose interest he flattered himself to work with success; and he was not mistaken. After a valuable earnest of future favour, he opened to this domestic traitress the base purposes of his no less traitorous heart. The inequality of her mistress's rank and fortune, the violence of his flame, the impossibility of quenching it by matrimonial form, and the danger of his life, should he be long deprived of possession.

To all his remarks and arguments, the false Duenna listened with attention; and observing that it was serving such poverty and pride but right, consented to administer an opium draught to her unsuspecting mistress, with whom she was injudiciously permitted to sleep, and to suffer his Lordship at a proper hour to occupy her place. The contract for innocence, youth, and beauty being made by a purse of gold, and sealed with something of a more sensual, though not of a more prostituted nature, the next night was settled for Sarah's ruin.

The perfidious Susan, for that was the Duenna's name, accordingly persuaded her lovely mistress, that she had a cold, and pressed upon her the fatal potion of her future misery. It was well charged with laudanum; and scarcely had the unsuspecting victim laid herself down, when she fell into a sleep, heavy almost to dissolution.

Although

Although in the soul of Susan every avenue to compassion was stopped by lucre, she yet felt some disquietude at the restlessness and short breathings of the unhappy Sarah; she apprehended her draught might prove mortal, and that therefore she should lose the future golden prospects which opened to her; but in some time her apprehensions were considerably abated, the first preternatural effects of the opium subsided, the charming Sarah, lovely and tempting as the Titian Venus, appeared less disordered; and the signal being given by the impatient lover, she was abandoned to her destiny—Susan retired, and the base Lord A. stole upon his defenceless victim, as in the midnight hour a lurking lion steals upon the helpless lambkin.

So powerful were the effects of this fatal posset, that even in the midst of Lord A.'s raptures, the lovely Sarah was scarcely sensible of her situation; who or what produced the unusual emotions which she found affect her. With the returning sun, however, she was convinced of both, and the horrors of her situation being too strong for her exhausted nature, she fell into a deep swoon, from which she recovered in convulsions, altogether as strong and alarming—Susan did every thing in her power to restore her, but in vain; her convulsive shrieks awoke her unhappy mother, who flew to her assistance, not, however, before Lord A. had retired to his apartment.

The day was far advanced before the ruined Sarah was thought to be out of imminent danger.—Lord A.'s anxiety, which arose from fear alone, was considered as the effect of tenderness; but every thing of that sort was already banished from his guilty bosom; all he wished for was to escape detection, and his fears at length growing intolerable, he pretended indisposition, and ordering his chaise, fled like a guilty robber and assassin from the scene of his outrage.

The torments of a guilty conscience, however, accompanied him to his father's mansion. He was no sooner there than he wished himself back again; but as an immediate return would appear extraordinary, he suppressed his inclinations, and contented himself with dispatching a servant, whose business it was to remain at Mr. W.—'s house, and send frequent accounts of the young

young lady's state of health. This, however, was useless; for in the interval, having recovered from her convulsions, and collected, by the help of reflection, her scattered senses, the beautiful Sarah communicated to her distracted mother the whole of her misfortune. After which, grief, shame, resentment, a latent spark of former love, and the effects of her late violent emotions, united in producing a fever, which put a period to her existence.

It would be a vain task to attempt a description of the subsequent consequences: the father's rage and sorrow, the mother's pangs! Happily, if happiness can be thought of in such a scene, the perfidious Susan took an opportunity of escaping amidst the general confusion. As to her, Mr. W—, had determined upon a summary mode of justice, and would otherwise have been the avenger of his own wrongs. Frantic with rage, he called out for the base accessory in rape, murder, and dishonour; and with a drawn sword flew to her apartment: but her terror prevented the execution of his intended vengeance.

The servant who had been sent by Lord A. as before-mentioned, would probably have met something of a fate similar to that intended for Susan; but he, observing the calamitous situation in which the family was involved, and impatient to communicate the melancholy issue, quitted the scene with precipitation, and arrived time enough to afford his perfidious employer an opportunity, like that of Susan, to fly the country. Cowardice and treachery are ever concomitant; and for three years he evaded danger, by a voluntary exile in different parts of the continent. During that time the old man's rage abated into a fixed melancholy; and, at the expiration thereof, he followed his injured daughter to a better world.

The childless and the widowed survivor, whose religion and philosophy was greatly superior to her ambitious and too credulous husband's, retired from the north, and now leads a secluded life near Darking in Surry. In that country she has a few respected relatives, and they endeavour, by every kind attention, to make the evening of a turbulent probation as tranquil as retrospective thought will admit of.

This true and tragic catastrophe, it is hoped, will be a check to the ambition and credulity of parents, and prevent servants from being too much in the confidence of young ladies. Many are the evils which arise from such confidence; and when the liability of servants to bribery, is combined with other circumstances of birth, education, and low vices, such evils may naturally be expected.

BOARDING

BOARDING SCHOOLS.

A JUDICIOUS and parental interference of the legislature, in respect to those seminaries of female education, has long and often been the subject of public intimation; and certain it is, that no one object of religious or moral consideration more earnestly demands legislative attention.

Did the evils of Boarding-Schools extend no farther than those which result from general gross ignorance, in their several owners, abuse of literature, affectation of manners, and in one word a total perversion of genuine education, a little time, and a little natural good sense, might possibly cure them. The care and subsequent observation of friends and parents, united, might at least effect very considerable improvement; and the young women of this country might be made, if not as highly polished, as intrinsically useful, and as highly virtuous as those of any other: that they are so by nature, will not be denied by candour or by common sense.

But the melancholy and insuperable evil of those loose and irregular seminaries, is a total inattention to sentiment; we do not mean that bombastic, and indeed pernicious sentiment, which is the entire support of modern novels; we advert solely to that moral and religious sentiment which is the guardian of female virtue, which, like a magic zone, repels every sensual, every gross *spirit*; and from which the youthful mind emerges at a proper season, pure, and prepared to honour its own faculties;—to grace, dignify, and improve society: With ease to perform the several softer and more domestic duties of wife and mother, and, in short, to know no series of enjoyment, no courses of happiness, that are not cemented by virtue.

Alas ! how very different are the fruits of modern Boarding-schools, in which, if a little bad French, a little worse music, a little formal dancing, and a little dirty drawing, with the frippery of what is improperly called filligree, be obtained, the good lady proprietress thinks *as how* she does quite enough, not only for the settled allowance, but for extra demands, which generally amount to fifty per cent. more.

Far be it from the meaning of this work to cast any particular stigma upon a general institution, or either particular individuals ; but truth, and the hope of reformation, compel an undisguised exposure of practices which, to the disgrace of humanity, are permitted in many seminaries of this kind ; and which, if they do not always effect seduction, contribute much to its future establishment.

From negligence in some Boarding-schools, the pupils are permitted to indulge a libidinous curiosity ; and excite even a premature inclination, by the perusal of obscene books, which are conveyed privately by the servants, and often by their elder and more grown up companions : prints, also, of a stimulating and indecent nature ^o are obtained in the same way ; and their hours of retirement too frequently occupied in suggestions and explanations, by which they are lectured into the complete theory of lewdness.

Nay, by means of this criminal neglect, of due order, and of necessary regulation, especially in permitting the more grown girls to sleep with the younger pupils, this theory of lewdness is often carried on to a species of *unnatural practice*, by which, though *unknown* to man, they enter into life without that *important requisite* to which mankind are so much and so laudably attached.

But if the consequences of such abominable inattentions are to be regarded with honour, how will the terrified and indignant parent and guardian shrink at what follows !—

It is well known, by several examples, ancient and modern, that when men give themselves up to the influence of unnatural and eccentric propensities, they are almost regardless of both means and consequences ; they pursue their brutal impulse with a sort of lunatic avidity ; and
fortune,

fortune, and even life itself, become sacrifices to passion. It is also well known that avarice is one of the most prevalent, as well as the most base and grovelling principles of human depravity; and that every consideration of moral virtue is controuled by its irresistible dominion. When, therefore, the gratification of unnatural propensities, and the indulgence of avarice, come into contact, what events may not be expected?

An old debilitated Cræsus, of Broad-street, whose riches are as extraordinary as his present propensity, has for some years past supported a kind of sensual traffic with the mistresses of two Boarding Schools; one near Hackney, and the other in the neighbourhood of Stratford, to whom he pays large weekly sums, merely for the enjoyment of visual prospects, which, among the generality of mankind, one would imagine rather disgusting than gratifying.

To each of these accommodating matrons he pays his visits in regular rotation, and the indulgence is carried on as follows.—

All the faults of the preceding three or four days, are kept an exact account of, and that upon which Cræsus makes his visit is, always set apart for general punishment. He is fixed in an adjoining closet, and the infant convicts are called in, one by one, stretched upon a long low table, made for the purpose, and flogged upon their bare posteriors, in proportion to their several transgressions;—from the position in which they lie, they cannot possibly know of being observed by any other than the mistress; and Cræsus, who, upon every fresh occasion steals from his lurking hole, with the assistance of a pocket glass, examines the progressive effects of the several flagellations; towards the end of the scene, and which seems to be the winding up and *summum bonum* of his passion, he assumes the office of executioner himself; and then departs with every appearance of composure and happiness.

Although this singular propensity is, in itself, incapable of communicating any thing vicious to the several patients (if they may be so called) of lewdness, it yet shews what kind of women are sometimes entrusted in the care and education of female innocence. The following anecdote is, however, of a more serious and melancholy description.

About

About two years ago, a fortune-hunter from the sister-kingdom, accidentally heard of a young lady of great beauty, and immense fortune, from the West Indies, being placed at a certain Boarding School in the vicinity of the metropolis. Nature had furnished him with a good figure, and by watching the daily walk of the school in a *certain public garden*, he contrived to display it with advantage. The fair West-Indian appeared particularly observant of him; but as she was constantly surrounded by the other scholars, and their attendants, he found it impossible to obtain any opportunity of speaking to her.

In this way, and under this dilemma, he continued until the teachers observed him; and, in consequence, the walks were discontinued.

Upon meeting a disappointment so unexpected, the amorous Hibernian was a considerable time, before his ingenuity could assist him in devising a means of counteracting the caution; at length, however, his prolific genius befriended him. He recollected a female friend, who with the external appearance of fashion, actually kept a private assignation house in Upper Brook street. She had been many years in the habits of promiscuous pleasures, and though rioting in the most unbounded and indiscriminate passions, had yet a daughter by an Irish nobleman, whose prolific powers are to this day proverbial; it therefore occurred to him that through her and the innocent agency of her daughter, who was about ten years of age, something might be effected. In short, it struck him forcibly, that by sending the girl to the same school with the young lady, an intimacy might succeed, which ending in an invitation to Brook-street, would afford him every opportunity of seduction.

The good lady in Brook-street, was not only fond of taking large draughts of concupiscence herself, but contrived by a variety of means, to administer large doses to others: she was in truth a voluptuary in the science, and her temple, though sedate in appearance, was constantly devoted to various scenes of sensuality.

She had in her house, and secret services, a niece about twenty years of age, which at that early period, had rung all the changes of meretriciousness, and was as expert a proficient in the art of *tribade* as in the natural enjoyments

ments of the male sex. Her figure was delicate and pleasing, her features lively and agreeable, and her manners, though somewhat studied, conciliating.

The hero of this adventure, whom we shall distinguish by the vernacular name of MAC STAMINA, was certainly a gentleman by birth, but being a younger son, his fortune was entirely confined to chance, industry, and a pair of colours.

A universal tranquillity among the powers of Europe, left him little to hope for in the line of his profession, and he was therefore determined to court the blind deity, Fortune, in the name of the sightless deity, Love.

To the priestess of this temple, therefore, and her youthful attendant and relative, he communicated all he knew of, and hoped from, the beautiful Creole. The daughter, from the tenderness of her years, appeared to be the most propitious of all possible agents to his design : she was just fit, he observed, for a Boarding-School ; and by being sent to that which contained the object of his wishes, might cultivate so intimate an acquaintance with her, as to authorise an invitation to Brook-street, in the ensuing vacation.

The priestess and her niece, who were equally interested, listened with a mixture of satisfaction and solicitude ; they were equally averse to the resignation of his person, of which they were from experience equally enamoured ; but Mac Stamina, whose generosity was as unbounded as his vigour, soon silenced every objection, by the promise of a large sum of money, should his plan succeed.

To be brief, the *Cyprian Elve*, well instructed in her part, though innocent of the purpose, was in a very few days, fixed at ——— house Boarding-school. Young Maria, for that was her name, though bred in the midst of sensuality, was as yet ignorant of its arcana. Her delicate parent thought her too tender for initiation, but contemplated with secret pleasure the moment when puberty and prudence would admit her to be disposed of to advantage. Though not beautiful, she was pleasing ; had a soft delicate voice ; and was possessed of an agreeable and even temper.

Some time before the Christmas vacation, the priestess and her niece, in their own carriage, and in every respect well

well appointed, made a visit to ——house. Where the *Elve* being placed, soon insinuated herself into the favour of the fair intended sacrifice, so far as to gain an uncommon ascendance over her. A thousand kind remarks were made, and the grateful mother, in return, gave a thousand pressing invitations : appearances were entirely favourable; consent was obtained, and the charming Creole was destined to spend a few vacation days in Brook-street.

Upon the ladies return, Mac Stamina, who waited with all the impatience of a *necessitous* lover, whose poverty and passion were both to be gratified by a successful issue, appeared in transports when he heard how propitiously his plot proceeded. He pressed the fair commissioners of love and independence alternately to his enraptured bosom; and to prove beyond the power of refutation his unbounded gratitude, he proposed devoting the day and night to their joint and several services.

The day now arrived when the *Elve* and her lovely acquisition were expected: every thing that luxury could suggest—every thing that fancy could imagine—every thing that taste and elegance could improve and imitate—was prepared; and, just as the chamber clock chimed to the fourth hour, a loud rap at the street door announced the welcome visitants.

For that day, and the next, it was not thought expedient that Mac Stamina should shew himself: from a convenient situation, however, he was indulged with a view of his intended prize; and as the hungry eagle beholds with ardour and impatience, the unsuspecting object of his insatiate appetite; so did he view the unconscious victim of his desires.

In the evening, several beautiful females came to welcome the young friends, and all united in praising the uncommon beauty of the lovely Creole.—In fact, she was a subject of admiration. She was just such a figure as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence, or Peters, would chuse for a full grown Cherub. She might have been perhaps six or seven degrees removed, by maternal lineage, from a beautiful *Ethiope*; but her features were divinely regular, her eyes of a starry radiance, her cheeks of the vermilion tinge; her teeth like convex pearls,

“ And on her lips, whence came her am’rous breath,
“ There sat a simple solitary rose!”—

that

that diffused odours all around her. In truth, she was altogether an ineffable suffusion of loveliness; and so the ladies told her over and over again. One compared her to a ripened peach; another to a budding moss-rose; and all united in observing what a store of raptures she would give and receive, to and from, some happy youth of equal proportion and loveliness.

To compliment their charming guest, the niece proposed to be her bed-fellow; and having already touched upon her secret character, we shall draw the curtains round the particulars of what past behind them: suffice it to assure our readers, that in the morning the innocent and ruddy Creole was but half a virgin.

The next day was spent in continued revelry; the Tribade produced pictures in affected secrecy; the subjects, MARS and VENUS, ALEXANDER and LAIS; CÆDIPUS acting his incestuous joys amidst thunder; and Catoptric combinations, sufficient to excite fire in the breast of a statue. Night was devoted to what Eloisa demanded of Abelard when she cried.—

“Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest.”

And the next morning, Captain MAC STAMINA was introduced at breakfast!

No sooner did the charming visitant recognise the Captain, than she recollected, in a moment, all his former attentions; he was dizen'd to dazzle, and appeared in her eyes, as if sent by destiny to atone for the defects, and to consummate the imperfect joys of the two preceding nights.

The Captain, on his part, burned with impatience; he displayed in full force all those attractions which nature and habit had endued him with; and joy, and frolic, and music, and every incentive to desire, was kept afloat till supper. The viands were rich, the liquors delicious, and the wine exhilarating; when the cloth was for some time removed, the sports were again revived, and in the midst of general hilarity the lovely Creole, who had been forced into a remote part of the room, found herself alone with her admirer. Youth and innocence prevented her from thinking seriously of her situation, and in a few moments she beheld the Captain upon his knees before her.

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Having

Having poured forth the ardour of his passion, more in the language of heroism, than of real affection, he started up, and clasping her in his arms, kissed her almost to suffocation. The surprised, the trembling, the restless Creole, suffered herself to be pressed to the sofa, upon which the Hibernian accomplished to the utmost his sensual, we may say brutal, wishes.

Lost in the delirium of complicated sensibility, pain, pleasure, confusion, and love, the charming girl lay for some minutes, even after the completion of her ruined honour, in a state of ineffable apathy, till repetition awoke her, more to confusion, than to fresh enjoyments.

She started from the indelicacy of her situation, and after a short pause, and hiding her lovely face with her white hands, burst into a flood of tears. At that moment, the ladies, who had in fact been all the while concealed spectators of the scene, burst into the apartment; and affecting to know nothing of what had passed, rallied their beauteous guest upon continuing so long alone with the Captain. In short, they did not allow her time to think upon her misfortune, but by mirth and blandishment dispersed the operations of shame and apprehension.

In some time, the Captain took his leave, and promising to be with them the next morning at breakfast, left his charming conquest to think of guilty joys at leisure.

It happened that on that very evening Mrs ———, the mistress of ——— house Boarding-School, received a full account of the family into which she had so imprudently permitted her charming pupil to enter. Alarmed and terrified at the news, she would have flown upon the moment to her rescue; but she was a few miles from London, and the night would be too far advanced, before she could arrive in Brook-street. On the next morning, however, before nine o'clock, she reached the house, and pretending that she had received letters from Miss Somerton's (such we shall call her) mother at Jamaica, immediately hurried her to ——— square. — She observed, with horror, a visible alteration in her appearance, and manners; and upon putting peremptory and severe interrogatories to her, found out in short time the whole of her

her misfortune. One part, indeed, neither mistress nor scholar could at that time be sensible of; but the fact was, that, instead of a spotless virgin, as she expected, she was conveying home a defiled mother! for such the adventure of the preceding evening had qualified her in nine months to be.

The situation of Mrs. ——— was now critical; her character, and the reputation of her house, were at stake; and upon a consultation with her best friends, it was thought most adviseable to conceal every iota of the misfortune. The now disconsolate pupil was for some days confined to her room, under pretence of indisposition; but as that coercion could not be continued, without causing suspicions, she was again suffered to mix with the family. Alas! all her captivating qualities were lost; she was a stranger to cheerfulness and peace; each day was sorrow, and every night a night of woe.

Captain Mac Stamina, upon being the next day informed of what had happened, became almost frantic. His grosser passion was by that time in some degree qualified by tenderness; the delicacy which he had only tasted served but to stimulate his appetite; beside, the fortune, which was his first object, was now likely to slip through his fingers. In this dilemma, the *Elve* was again a useful agent; upon being questioned, she discovered that her *maxima's* milliner and Mrs. ——— were the same, and that this good lady had intimate access to every pupil in the house. To the priestess she was under heavy obligations for custom and pecuniary assistance; and it was instantly determined to make her the means of an elopement.— Without loss of time a plan and a premium were proposed and accepted; Mrs. TIFFANY, upon her next visit to ——— house, found no difficulty in the final adjustment of every thing: the hour, the place, and all was settled, and in a few days the Captain and his prize, in a post-chaise and four, set off for Scotland.

All we can say further of this adventure is, that they were married at Gretna Green; and that they are now upon the continent, waiting for the usual period of maturity, when the Captain will of course demand a fortune of

not less than eighty thousand pounds. To his friends in Brook-street he has passed bonds for 5000l. and to Mrs. Tiffany the like assurance for 500l. What may be the event of this marriage, it is impossible for us to determine; but if we may form any opinion from the education and complexion of our hero, and from the warm constitution of his young bride, neither the bands of hymen, nor the power of gold, will be sufficient to unite them for any considerable length of time, in the kind intercourse of marriage. Mrs. ——'s seminary has lost considerably of its reputation, and herself, if not condemned for folly, highly and deservedly censured for weakness and credulity.

However neglectful and criminal the conduct of Boarding-School mistresses may appear in those instances, they are by comparison innocent to that which, without exaggeration, follows!—

It is a melancholy truth, though known to few, that some of those *useful* seminaries are established and supported by wealthy debauchees, for the purpose merely of seduction!—Such schools, in common with those upon the most cautious and respectable plans, produce innocence and loveliness; and at such, in common with others, are frequently found young girls, whose parents, either from indigence or dishonesty, neglect them. With a view to such deserted innocence, it actually is, that the vitiated appetites of certain sensual voluptuaries induce them to spare no expence; they take houses, and furnish them, in an elegant stile, and they consign them to the care of women whose private characters are the most infamous. Whenever it happens that young girls become thus deserted, the good lady abbesses, out of humanity, recommend them to be companions to some lady, whose *friend*, whose *uncle*, whose *brother*, or whose *father*, is in fact the real proprietor of the monastery. They are seduced by the pleasing prospect of independence; but, alas! they are in the end lost in the wilds of prostitution.

Beautiful as *Hebe*, and innocent, as the infant lambkin which never yet nipt the flowery herbage, at the tender age of thirteen, LUCINDA MORELEY, the daughter of a respectable West-India merchant, was placed under the care of Mrs. Sageley,

Sageley, a *widow lady*, of great *prudence*, who, together with a *daughter*, and *two nieces*, kept a Boarding-School in the vicinity of Clapham. Certain it is, notwithstanding the *respectable* firm of the house, Mrs. Sageley never had the misfortune of being confined to any one husband; neither were the young ladies, the daughter and nieces, related to her in any other way than by *adoption*; they both had had a short education in Newman-street, and were not only useful in the tuition of the pupils, but occasionally assisted in *accommodating* the *grown-up* friends of the house.

Miss Moreley had been there somewhat about twelve months, when the last violent hurricane which happened in the island Barbadoes, in which most of the estates were destroyed, and nearly three thousand lives lost, totally ruined her father's principal fortune, which lay in that island.

He was, in short, obliged to call a meeting of his creditors; and, upon an examination into his affairs, it was thought adviseable to declare him a bankrupt. The creditors, however, considering him as they ought, an honorable and fair character under misfortunes, immediately signed his certificate; and, until he could arrange his affairs, so as to re-commence trade, allowed him to the full as much as the nature of his circumstances would admit of. Thus situated, he found it necessary to make a voyage to the West-Indies, leaving his wife and two younger girls, together with three boys, upon a small allowance in London. The eldest girl, our little heroine, was continued with the kind Mrs. Sageley.

Scarcely had Mr. Moreley left London, but old LOVEJOY, which was the name of Mrs. Sageley's *private friend*, cast a longing eye upon her blooming charge; they laid their heads together, and it was resolved, that he should pretend to have a maiden sister in Wales, of large fortune, and great tenderness, who wished much to have a young companion to live with her; and that it was very probable she would in a little time become so fond of Miss Moreley, as to adopt her for a considerable part of her fortune. In short, the *good* Mrs. Sageley made a proposal to Lucinda's mother; Mrs. Moreley received it with infinite gratitude:

itude: but observed, as she had not her husband's approbation, she could not rightly consent to a measure of so much consequence: besides, she added, that her own brother, who was god-father to her Lucinda, was expected shortly from the East-Indies, and would be much disappointed if he did not see his niece and god-daughter upon his arrival. This, however, was overruled, by observing upon the uncertainty of an East India return, and remarking how easy it would be to send for Miss Moreley at any time.—Splendid prospects were displayed, and avarice, which too frequently overcomes all prudence, in the end produced consent. Old Lovejoy was asked to the house, every thing was settled for the journey, and the captivating captive Lucinda, together with a maid servant, and the amorous lecher, in one chaise, set off together for North Wales.

During the whole of the journey, Lovejoy took every opportunity, consistent with prudence, and the fear of alarming his youthful companion, to poison the purity of that innocence, which, notwithstanding her situation at Mrs. Sageley's, still remained uncontaminated: at meals, upon the road, he entertained her with gross recitals and *gratish* tricks, and used frequently to proceed to certain indelicacies, which the reluctant Lucinda could not, from extreme youth, rightly judge the meaning of: all she knew was, that his behaviour was very different from what it formerly had been; and though she was not absolutely frightened, she was disgusted and unhappy.

After a journey of five days, they arrived at a small house, near the sea side, between Hendriguda and that dreary and terrific mountain called Penmanmure, in North Wales:—they were there received by a woman, whom old Lovejoy addressed by the name of Sister! and who received them with every mark of joy and affection. Lucinda was introduced to this personage as the charming companion, whom fraternal love had obtained for a sister's comfort in that retired situation, and accepted with every shew of unfeigned gratitude.

Young as Lucinda was, and inexperienced in comparative appearances, she could not but observe something in
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the house, the attendants, and the manners of this good lady, very different from what she had flattered herself with an idea of: she saw but the one female domestic, and the manservant who accompanied them upon the journey, and drew conclusions by no means pleasing to her juvenile disposition; but she concealed as much as possible her chagrin, and affected a composure very foreign from her heart. Lovejoy could not, however, but observe her solicitude, and affecting to suppose it the consequence of fatigue, recommended a hasty repast, and immediate repose, as the best means of producing tranquillity. His proposal was acceded to, and Lucinda being shewn into a comfortable apartment, was left to her private contemplations.

It was the season of autumnal storms, and scarcely had she laid her anxious head upon its pillow, but the elements, as if in sympathy with the perturbation of her mind, became tumultuous.—The rude winds blew hard, hoarse thunders rolled, and the vivid lightnings flashed! The trembling stranger, who had covered herself entirely to avoid beholding the distortions of nature, was suddenly more terrified by the opening of the chamber-door, which jarred in unison with the yelling tempest!

She started up in the bed, when, lo! to increase her horrors, she beheld Lovejoy, in his night gown and cap, enter the apartment!—With a gentle disposition of head and hand, and in a low tremulous voice, he endeavoured to sooth her apprehensions. To the violence of the storm, he said she must impute his visit: he was alarmed for her feelings, and came to prevent the too exquisite operations of her fears; at the same time approaching the bed-side, he assured her that in him she might always expect a friend and protector. Lucinda thanked him with as much gratitude as her doubts permitted; complained of pains and fever; but added, that as her fears were inconsiderable, she was sorry they had disturbed him, and requested he would retire to rest.

Lovejoy, however, had other thoughts; he grew fulsome in his praises and professions; and, as if to feel her pulse, put his hand under the bed cloaths—had it been the hand of Death, it could not have had a more torpent effect:—
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she shrunk from its approach as the plant of sensibility shrinks from the imperceptible effects of animal effluvia ! Just at that moment, in an awful suspension of the storm, the loud explosion of a carriage gun was distinctly heard ; another and another fully announced the distressed situation of some unfortunate ship and its wretched mariners ; the breast of Lovejoy, was for the instant respondent to the appeal of calamity ; but lust had taken so powerful possession of his heart, that pity, and every other generous consideration, were soon again subservient to its passion ; and throwing off his loose gown, he forced himself into the bed. The defenceless Lucinda now found that persuasion would be vain ; she therefore screamed aloud, and called Murder ! Murder ! repeatedly, using at the same time those weapons with which nature had supplied her, upon the detested face of her ravisher. All, however, would have been in vain, but for the CHERUB PROVIDENCE.—Loud knockings were now heard at the front door of the dwelling, and many voices of persons imploring assistance for themselves, and others, who had not escaped the fury of the storm. Lovejoy quitted his prey, and, going to the hall, demanded, who and what they were, that dared to disturb him in his own house, charging them, at the same time, with an intent to rob and murder himself and his family. Lucinda, who could distinctly hear what passed on both sides, now became apprehensive that the threats and inhumanity of Lovejoy might prevent those without from persisting in their application for relief ; and fearing she should soon again be in the power of her intended ravisher, renewed her screams and cries of Murder ! until at length she had the satisfaction of hearing one voice louder and more peremptory than the rest, insist upon admission.

Lovejoy threatened to blow out the brains of the first man that attempted to force the door ;—said he was prepared with proper arms, and called out to the man-servant, who was by this time alarmed, and dressed, to bring blunderbusses for the purpose of resistance.

All this parade of courage was however vain ; the person from without declared that he had heard the cry of Murder ; and that *in his country* it was lawful to force into any house

house, where murder was intended: he added, that though he supposed *the party was quite dead, he was determined to rescue them from danger*; that he had just escaped the jaws of death himself; and swore that if he was to *be shot through the heart*, he would save the life of a fellow creature. After this extraordinary, though brave declaration, the stout Hibernian, for such he proved to be, applying his shoulder and his strength to the door, burst it open in one minute.

Six men, among whom was one who bore marks of peculiar distinction, immediately entered the house; and the inhospitable owner, now making a virtue of necessity, excused himself for his suspicions, and gave them welcome. But the noble-hearted Pat, observing certain finger scratches upon his face, was confirmed in his belief of some fatal event: without much ceremony, therefore, he took a candle, and immediately proceeded to Lucinda's chamber. She had by this time arose, and huddled on some of her cloaths; and having besides covered herself loosely with a white counterpane, she stood trembling by the bed side: notwithstanding her terrors, she looked so young and so beautiful, that honest Pat, who immediately conceived her to be the spirit of the murdered person, ran back, exclaiming, that he had seen a ghost, and the most lovely one in the whole world. The Hibernian's credulity was however as well known, as his courage; and the appearance of Lucinda, who followed him into the midst of the groupe, soon convinced him of his mistake: she flew to the strange gentleman as if by sympathy, and falling on her knees before him, with tears implored his protection.

Lovejoy, as is ever the case with villains, endeavoured to cover his treachery by falsehood; assured the persons present, that the girl was his niece; that she was afflicted with violent fits, and her screams were the mere effects of her disorder; but the artless confidence of distressed innocence bore full testimony against him, and the stranger, after an indignant rebuke to ancient sensuality, raised her with a parental promise of safety.

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It was now the dawn of morning; and the ship, from which the gentleman, and sailors, had escaped, being among the rocks, within two hundred yards of the house, they perceived numbers of the natives, bent more upon plunder than compassion, passing towards her. Lovejoy dressed himself, and, together with his servant, joined the party; as they approached the wreck, they observed the remainder of the crew, about eighteen in number, clinging to the tops, and the sea breaking over them with frantic fury. The tide, however, was ebbing fast; and they had some chance of life, by being left dry at low water. The boat, which had conveyed to the shore those already saved, was now stowed to pieces, and the ship itself nearly in the same situation.

The formidable appearance of Lovejoy and his servant, the gentleman and the five sailors, all armed, prevented the country savages from committing any of those acts of plunder, which they intended; and when the ebb gave them an opportunity, they threw ropes from the rocks, and by means thereof got the wet and exhausted people on shore: they afterwards assisted in saving a great part of the cargo and materials, the vessel being from Dublin to Liverpool, richly laden with Irish linens.

Lovejoy, to atone for, or rather if possible to oblivate his offence against innocence, now shewed every degree of kindness to the gentleman, the captain, and crew; he furnished them with dry cloathing, gave the sailors leave to repose in his barn, upon dry straw, and offered to the gentleman and captain beds for their refreshment: but the first declined, on account of his necessary presence to protect the vessel and cargo; and the latter, on account of an uncommon desire he felt to know something more of Lucinda, who, upon his return, attached herself to him in an extraordinary manner. The intended violence of Lovejoy was in a great measure compensated by his activity, and affected kindness; and the stranger, in order to dissipate remembrance for what had passed, took the first opportunity of sketching an outline of his own history.

Returning home, he said, from India, where he had lived

lived for many years, and where he had made a large fortune, the ship was driven by stress of weather into the Port of Limerick, in Ireland, where properly securing all his valuable effects, he left her, and having transmitted a large sum from Dublin, to his brother-in-law, in London, he was following by way of Liverpool, where he had business of importance to transact : when they left the harbour of Dublin, the preceding morning, the wind was in rather an unfavourable direction ; towards evening, they found themselves but little advanced, and the captain had some thoughts of putting back ; but on a sudden the wind chapt about, and a brisk gale from the North West, induced him to proceed ; they had not, however, been long under way, when the violent storm arose, and the captain, not being acquainted with the Welch Coast, endeavoured as much as possible to avoid it, which by great skill he did, for six hours : the gale, however, at length increased to such a degree of violence, as he had never before experienced ; the sails were split in pieces, the main-mast carried away, and the rudder rendered unfit for service. In this shattered, helpless, and dangerous condition, they were driven upon the shelf of rocks, where the wreck now lay, and from whence the five seamen narrowly escaped in the boat.

While the stranger was giving this short account of himself, the tender bosom of Lucinda was observed to heave with extreme agitation ; neither was that of Lovejoy, though from very different motives, much less disturbed. —“ Allow me, Sir,” said Lovejoy, “ to ask the name of your brother in London ; perhaps I may have the good fortune to know him.” —“ Moreley,” replied the stranger ; “ and when I left England, he lived in Broad-street.”

At this information, Lucinda fell motionless on the floor ; and Lovejoy was so enfeebled, by guilt, apprehension, and surprise, that he could scarcely support himself.

Mr. Somers, for that was the name of our miraculous deliverer, remained in a state of the utmost astonishment ; and requested the pretended sister of Lovejoy, to explain the meaning of the mystery. Of this, however, she was

totally ignorant; and as Lovejoy left the room, he was obliged to await the recovery of Lucinda.

Lucinda was no sooner restored, than she threw her arms round the neck of Somers; and, bedewing his bosom with her tears, exclaimed, "Uncle! uncle!" and again could scarcely support herself. In the breast of Somers, sympathy avowed the relationship; and the mystery was, in an instant, explained by nature.

To conclude an adventure which, on account of its singularity and providence, we have dwelt upon longer than we intended, Mr. Somers had the happiness of rescuing his charming niece from ruin—of bestowing upon her a considerable fortune, and of seeing her honourably married. He had also that of re-establishing his brother's credit, making his family independent, and preventing Lovejoy from ever shewing his face in London.

But although in this, and several other instances, the guardian CHERUB of PROVIDENCE has interposed, yet there are one thousand to one seductions, in which vice is triumphant, and innocence destroyed. Much mischief may be justly imputed to the drowiness, and neglect, of the public police; and it is with certainty we alledge, that the worst regulated city in the universe does not exhibit a scene so disgraceful as that which presents itself every night, in the heart of this metropolis; where girls not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, are prostituted, and followed, by the most infernal hags, who dress them up for ruin. Most of those unhappy infants are beautiful in the extreme; and many of them, before they arrive at puberty, die of disease and old age.

The history of those unhappy infants is short, and general: they are either orphans, or deserted by their parents, through extreme poverty or extreme turpitude. They are found by the above-mentioned abandoned harpies, either begging or starving in the public streets; and seduced, merely by hope of food, suffer themselves, for whatever sum can be obtained, to be sold to pollution. Horrible to relate, there are men, or rather monsters, who have those nefarious hags in constant pay, and who, for
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the sensual indulgence of a few short minutes, at the expence perhaps of a few shillings, entail years of misery upon numbers. Some time ago a respectable member of the legislature pledged himself to effect some reformation in this abominable nuisance; but we are sorry to say, that, like a reformation in the civil and criminal laws, the spirit seems to have died away, and is neither seen nor heard of.—But it is with awful certainty we observe, that those public rulers and legislators, who fritter away their time in political jarrings, and in much talking about nothing, without attending to concerns of real advantage, particularly those of morality and compassion, will one day or other be called severely to account for their inhumanity and neglect.

FORTUNE TELLERS.

THESE are a class of people against whom the laws have made judicious and severe provisions: their pretensions to divination working upon weak and credulous minds, not only disturbing the repose of individuals and families, but extorting the produce of industry among the lower classes of the people, induced the legislature wisely to include them in the act of parliament, known by the name of the Vagrant Act; and, as vagrants, they are at all times liable to punishment: but the drowsiness and venality of the police, instead of executing such laudable provisions, suffer them to pursue, and even refine, upon their mischievous avocations.

Every Fortune-teller of consequence in London, or Westminster, or in any great city in the three kingdoms, is to a certainty in constant league with fortune-hunters, and debauchees; and, certain it is also, that numbers of unfortunate females owe their misery to the *supernatural seductions* of those pretended witches and wizzards.

When a thorough paced fortune-hunter gets *scent* of game, well aware of difficulties in a *fair chase*, he generally contrives to effect a confederacy with the domestics of the family, in which the object of his pursuit resides;—whether with the parents, relations, guardians, or friends;—and by that means obtains an intimate knowledge of every particular, that may be necessary for his purpose—fortune, disposition, connections, virtues, and foibles. With this budget of information, he hies to a Fortune-teller; and, by a bribe, secures him or her to his interest. His next manœuvre is to make his friend, the domestic, found forth the wonderful prescience of such witch or wizzard, and thereby excite an irresistible curiosity

osity in the lady, who is seduced in consequence most commonly to ruin. The Fortune-teller repeats, with great solemnity, all she or he has been told; and the poor misguided dupe believes, from a consciousness of what she hears of past events, the certainty of what is predicted to follow. The fortune-hunter's person is described; the time and place when she is to see him; what cloaths he wears; what he is to do or say, &c. In short, the plans are so well settled, that they seldom or ever fail of success; and young women are, alas! too often consigned to the deepest calamity, that lowness, extravagance, and vice, can sink them to.

ELIZA PARNELL, was the daughter and heiress of a gentleman in Devonshire; to finish an education, which had been as much improved as any place, but the capital, could admit of, she was sent to London, at the tender age of fourteen, and placed under the care of her mother's brother, a clergyman of great respectability, near Soho-square. She attended, of course, every Sunday, the service of her Uncle's church, and was altogether as noticeable for the modest zeal of her devotion, as for the modesty of her beauty, which never obtruded itself upon the congregation; but which, notwithstanding, was conspicuous.—The female servant who was appointed to wait upon her, had a brother, who, being a spendthrift and a reprobate, had spent not only his own little patrimony, but that of his sister also, and who was entirely out of all employment. No sooner did Mrs. Abigail become acquainted with her young mistress, her fortune, and her easy and amiable nature, than she thought of her brother, and matrimony, as the only means of supporting him, and paying herself the fortune which his extravagance had dissipated.

Accordingly, she proposed a system of seduction to her ready and enraptured relative; and having, in a short time, extorted many family anecdotes, and other circumstances, from the unsuspecting Eliza, repaired to a Fortune-teller, near Bloomsbury; represented her brother as a young man of great dependence, amiable character, and fashionable alliances; and, in short, under promise of an eventual

tual reward, in proportion to the service, obtained a solemn promise of assistance.

The next step was, to dress up the spendthrift in the habit of a gentleman, and accompany him to her fortune-telling friend, there to have, as it were, his *portrait de inea-ted*.—It was at the same time agreed upon, that, on the Sunday following, he should go to the church above mentioned; that he should sit in a certain pew, appear in a certain dress; and seem to meet with some remarkable accident, which would attract attention. His age, his complexion, &c. &c. were all concerted; and, in the interval, the lovely, youthful Eliza, was to be brought to the witch's house, to have her fortune told.—The hero was to be at the same time concealed in an adjacent room, so as to have a full view of his destined prize, and by hearing what passed, to be the better qualified for his part.

Every thing being thus arranged, Abigail found but little difficulty in prevailing upon her young mistress to visit the pretended Oracle, who, on her part, performed every thing to a nicety. Such a man in such a dress, in such a pew, and meeting some remarkable accident, the Fates had actually destined for her husband.

Eliza affected incredulity, she laughed at the idea of prediction; but, alas! she never experienced so much solicitude or impatience, in all her whole life, as in the interval between that and Sunday.

Sunday being at length arrived, she dressed herself with peculiar care, and set off charms which demanded no auxiliary advantages, in the best stile of fashion. She was scarcely seated in her Uncle's family pew, when behold! the identical figure as described by the fortune-teller, walked up the aisle, and entered that identically mentioned: during the service, her eyes frequently met those of her destined Lord, and her agitations were so obvious, that her aunt could not avoid, in a whisper, enquiring if any thing particular affected her. While the hero was leaning over the pew door, his white cambric handkerchief fell from his devout forehead; the pew opener observed the *accident*, and crossed from the opposite side of the

nise to restore it. The whole congregation saw it, and Eliza observed it, as the decided signal of her destiny.—Her little heart fluttered with ineffable sensations, her fan fell as if by sympathy, and she was altogether alarmed, almost to fainting. She, however, supported herself, to avoid that extremity for the present, and got home time enough to perform the operation in her own apartment.

Being soon perfectly recovered, she told the whole adventure to the *astonished* Abigail, who sympathized in the contemplation of destiny.

Four Sundays elapsed in fond ogling; the fifth a letter was slipped into Eliza's hand; on the sixth, a meeting was had at the Fortune-teller's; on the seventh the registers of *Destiny*, bore attestation of its insuperable immutability. On the evening of that day, the lovers dashed off in a post-chaise and four, to the famous Scotch blacksmith, at Gretna-Green, whose rivets are said to be as binding as those of an English Archbishop.

The grief and consternation which attended this elopement, cannot easily be described; Eliza grew passionately fond of her bargain: in some time a settlement of four hundred pounds a year was made upon the young couple, until the wife should arrive at age. But, alas, that sum was short of the husband's extravagance. He was arrested, thrown into jail, and the unfortunate Eliza, who would share all his vicissitudes, accompanied him.

Every one in the least acquainted with the disposition of a public prison, must here be alarmed for the dangers to which the young, beautiful, and susceptible Eliza, must inevitably be exposed. The husband, who, being a man of neither natural nor acquired talents, could find no occupation but drinking in low company, and frequently to a degree of stupidity—but there was a fellow prisoner, a shrewd, sensible man—a *despised Barrister*, in the same jail, whose mal-practices had reduced him not only to contempt, but poverty, who saw, in Eliza, enough for the application of his leisure, and who, by degrees, won upon her youth and innocence, until he completely subverted her virtue.

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While the unhappy husband spent his miserable moments in the tap-room, or coffee-house of the prison, the Barrister devoted the whole of his to a variety of amusements, for the not less unhappy wife—and though the whole place saw clearly the illicit connection, the wretched, cornuted sot, appeared totally insensible to his own and his wife's disgrace and infamy.

Excessive inebriety, however, soon produced effects in their nature very inconvenient and troublesome to the lovers. The husband fell into nervous and dropical disorders—and was at length obliged to be confined to his apartment, where the wife's presence was also indispensable. In this situation the reprobate Barrister, had recourse to the blackest and most infernal means of indulging his passions: He persuaded Eliza that strong opiates, would be the best relief for the anguish of her husband's complaints—and these in their consequences agreeing with their mutual desire of criminal indulgence, were administered in copious doses. In short, one fatal evening, when the lovers thought themselves free from observation, a prisoner in an adjacent room, both saw and heard the particulars of an event, which ended in death, and which was followed by a criminal prosecution.

Eliza, and her paramour, having a strong inclination to spend the night together uninterruptedly, in a manner forced a quantity of this deleterious poison down the throat of the husband, who was heard to remonstrate, complain, and resist, as much as his exhausted strength would admit of. He was, however, overpowered, and put into a sound sleep, from which he awoke no more.

The circumstance being made public, a bill of indictment was preferred against both the parties for murder; upon which, together with the Coroner's verdict, they were tried. When Eliza appeared at the bar of justice, her beauty astonished the whole court—and the jury, compassionating her youth, construed the evidence to be insufficient: the miscreant companion of her guilt, as they were both charged together, must of course be acquitted also—and they both escaped the punishment which, strictly speaking, they both deserved. The justice of Heaven

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ven did not however sleep—for, shocking to relate! in about two years after Eliza was shot dead by a child about three years old, which she had by her husband. The infant being allowed to handle every thing, took up a loaded pistol, and discharged the whole contents in its mother's body.

Such are some of the many evils, which result from the practices of persons, who, being established and publicly known, may be fairly called *regular Fortune-tellers*. There are, however, another class of the fraternity, which although not quite so numerous, are not less destructive—and these we may distinguish by the subordinate name of *Empiricks*: they generally live in remote parts of the town, and frequently change their dwellings for fear of detection.

The manner in which those itinerant *witches* support the several series of their profession, is, by walking up and down the public streets, and slipping small bills, or advertisements into the hands of such innocent looking young girls, as may be unlucky enough to meet them—they all pretend to astrological knowledge—and they generally promise their prediction from the evidence of *moles* and *marks* upon the human body.

These strolling hags are always in the pay of old and young debauchees—and when they meet with unhappy young women whose credulity, and beauty, render them objects of seduction, they immediately dispatch an account thereof to their several principals. They have their private apartments—and their apertures for visual inspection, and systems of ruin.

The story of *LUCY LIVELY*, the young girl to which our annexed Plate particularly refers, is an extraordinary evidence in support of these facts.

Lucy was born at Hanslope, in Buckinghamshire—and was bred to the weaving of lace. At seventeen she was known, in that remote and aquaticous region, by the name of the *PRETTY BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LACE-WEAVER*—and, at that early age, had made many conquests among the neighbouring rustics: but ambition reached her little heart—she had heard much of London, and of the for-

tune attending youth and beauty; and was determined to try her fate in the metropolis. Accordingly, one morning, when the road was almost impassable on account of the waters, she made up a bundle of all her little moveables, among which was her shoes and stockings, and set off for Stoney-Stratford; where, after resting herself at a waggon-inn, and making her appearance fit for an outside passage, she took her seat on the roof of a long stage-coach for London, and arrived there on the same day.

At the view from Highgate, of the wonderful magnitude of St. Paul's, her ideas of future greatness began to swell, and as she entered the capital, every object seemed to bear testimony of the propriety of her resolution, in quitting the dull and dreary seclusion of Hanslope.

For the first night, Lucy took up her lodgings in the gallery of the Golden-cross Inn: she had, however, but little rest; thoughts crowded, and apprehensions followed:—she was an entire stranger; she knew not where to apply for employment; the savings of her industry were trifling; and, in short, by the next morning she saw things in a very different light. They charged her a *whole shilling* for her bed! and *half* that sum for her breakfast! and the *exorbitance* of such demands, frightened her almost into despair.

In the morning, however, Molly the chambermaid took *compassion* upon her *youth and innocence*, and recommended her to a *cheap lodging* in *Johnson's-court*; the owner of which *happened*, however, to be one of those very quack Fortune-tellers, of whom we have just given a description.

Molly and the Hag had been old friends, and though the former was then in an ostensible state of industry, she derived much more pecuniary advantages from her continued connection with the latter, than from her settled wages, or the gratuities of her country guests.

During the few hours in which Molly knew *any thing* of poor unsuspecting Lucy, she had so well informed herself of *every thing*, respecting her situation, as to be enabled, in the evening, to give her old friend a full account of her. The *good woman*, who by the bye, was in raptures at the extraordinary loveliness of Lucy, took every possible pains to conciliate her confidence, and affection—made her dine, and drink tea, and sup with her; praised her beauty, and promised her excess of good fortune. By degrees she insinuated her *power of divination*, and offered the next day, by the signs and moles of her body, to tell her the particulars of those *great successes* which her future life was to experience.

Lucy now thought herself in the high road to greatness, and waited with impatience for the hour when the detail of her destiny was to be revealed.

No

No sooner had the Beldam prepared our *unsuspecting victim* for the sacrifice, than she flew into the city to the gentleman who had *set her up*, and acquainted him of her prize, and the hour when his eyes might be satisfied with the truth of her assertion. Old LIMBERHAM (for so we may call him) expressed his raptures to his faithful emissary, after his usual manner, and resolved to be at the place appointed in good time.

The hour of divination being at length arrived, a single knock announced the approach of LIMBERHAM, who was let in *privately*, and *privately* placed in his particular situation, where he could distinctly hear and see every thing.

The charming, innocent stranger being led into an adjacent room, the Beldam began by asking her a few leading questions, and then deliberately proceeded to examine her limbs, which in truth were exquisitely formed, and from which was divined—the road, and manner, they had lately travelled; the journey, the motives; and, in short, most of the facts as before communicated by Molly the chambermaid. From her beautifully formed hands and fingers, was inferred, the business to which she had been brought up;—from her neck and breasts, the lofty hopes she had imbibed;—and at last the old woman informed poor Lucy, that she could not proceed with her predictions, unless she was permitted to examine her body, for certain moles, and for one in particular below her left breast. Lucy, at first, seemed unwilling to undress herself; but the fear of losing a knowledge of the future events of her life—added to the persuasion of Molly, who observed, that as women only were present, there could be no harm in it—finally induced her to comply. It chanced that there *was* a mole exactly in the situation hinted at by the old woman, who, rejoiced at the lucky coincidence of the fact with her supposition, applied her wand to the part, while the inner garments of the lovely Lucy were slipping entirely from her. At this moment, the beldam casting her eyes to the privy window, perceived that LIMBERHAM was uncommonly disturbed; and therefore applied a finger to her mouth, as much as to say, *Mum!*

Not HEBB, as she is so beautifully described by the Paphian Bard, could appear more charming than did our unadorned stranger:—Not JUPITER, when he first beheld the bewitching form of her for whom he transformed himself into a swan, could have been more enamoured than old LIMBERHAM. In short, his passions were so much inflamed, that he determined shortly to possess her.

The forcerefs now gravely assured our intoxicated heroine, that the *very first* time she walked out, she would meet *an elderly gentleman,*

man, dressed in blue, a round hat, boots &c. that he would accost her in the street—that he would express his surprise at her beauty; offer her his friendship, and insist upon seeing her to her lodgings—that she would not much like his person—that she would make many objections—but that, at length, he would prevail; that he was a widower, of immense fortune! and that, after having possessed her, he would in a little time make her his wife!

At some parts of the prediction Lucy felt great anxiety, and reluctance; and, with tears, entreated that her *good friend*, who was so well acquainted with destiny, would intercede so far, as to avert that part of her good fortune, which consigned her to an *elderly gentleman*, and, which gave him a possession of her person *before marriage*, for she had always heard, that such things were very wicked. The Beldam promised to do every thing in her power to serve her with destiny, but after making a variety of *strange figures*, and performing a number of apparent witcheries; she shook her head, and with grief pronounced, the *fates to be inexorable*.

While all this passed, Lucy was perfectly reduced to a state of pure Nature—and appeared so charming in the eyes of the infamous debauchee, that his usual discretion forsook him; he eagerly pushed his head out of the window; when his guilty visage being observed by a little favourite dog which the innocent young creature had conveyed to town with her, he began to bark in a very indignant manner—impelled no doubt by the GUARDIAN CHERRUB—insomuch that his mistress instantly casting her eyes on those of Limberham, had only time to give a loud shriek before she fainted.

Limberham flew, if not to her relief, at least to obtain a further gratification of his propensity. The necessary means of recovery being at hand, Lucy soon awoke to a state of uncommon wretchedness—nor was it without difficulty that she was preserved from a second fit. The chambermaid entreated her to fear nothing; while Limberham assailed her ears with every inducement within the reach of wealth or possibility. But her resistance was
noble,

noble, and her virtue immaculate—she seized her petticoat and handkerchief, and having with the velocity of lightning, secured herself from an immodest situation, dared the infamous triumvirate to detain her.

Fear—which over inhabits the bosoms of the guilty—now made a most powerful impression on this infernal assembly—and from threats, they recurred to submission. But Lucy protested that she would seek for public justice, the moment that it could be obtained.

At the bare mention of *justice*, Limberham's veins thrilled with horror, (for he had once escaped its salutary inflictions) his countenance turned to a deadly pale, and his limbs, none of the most robust, refused him manly support—Possessing no innate virtue, he had recourse to the *virtue* of Gold: he begged, most humbly begged, that she would receive fifty pounds as some compensation, for the outrage which had been committed on her person, and forcing it into her hand, hastily decamped—or Lucy would have returned it with disdain. But as she now perceived that her own scanty stock was insufficient for almost any purpose—and as neither the forcerers nor the chambermaid were entitled to any thing but her execrations—she adjusted her dress—returned to the inn—and, the next morning, very wisely set off in the stage for Buckinghamshire—all the way offering up her prayers to that Providence which had so opportunely saved her from the brink of prostitution and disgrace.

In this last instance of confederate depravity, the reader may picture to himself a thousand others of a similar nature, which occur every day in this metropolis, and its environs: but the singularity of what follows, while it must operate as a cautionary antidote to credulity, and preventive to fortune-telling imposition, will at the same time afford food for contemplation and merriment.

Long after the hey day of the blood, when the vigor of life had past its meridian, and when the passions, instead of being directed to proper objects, had grown capricious and unnatural; Sir SAMPSON SLUGGISH, a rich West-India Merchant, took it into his head to wear
horns;

borns; or, in other words, to marry a young, gay, sprightly, amorous wife. The honey-moon past with some degree of decency and content; but the edge of variety soon blunted, and Lady Sluggish had some reason to think herself neglected. In this situation, she affected jealousy, and told her hard case to an experienced matron, who advised her by all means to apply to a Fortune-teller of her recommending, who by examining *certain moles*, and marks on the body, had the power of telling every thing, who would not only discover whether the Knight was really inconstant, but who the object of his inconstancy really was; whether, Lady Sluggish was destined to be a widow, and how soon; how many husbands! how many children! and how many lovers! The hint was no sooner given, than agreed to—an evening was appointed, the Sorceress sent to, and every thing settled for a meeting.

It happened, among other whimsicalities of Sir Sampson, that he had for some time indulged a lascivious propensity of viewing the fair sex, in all their unadorned beauties; for this purpose, he had contracted with this same Fortune-teller, and at a very considerable expence, obtained a situation in her house, from whence he could at any time, without the least fear of discovery, see all that was to be seen.

No sooner was the business settled between the two ladies, than a messenger was dispatched to Sir Sampson, with a letter, giving an account, that a beautiful young married woman was to undergo an examination, to have her fortune told on such an evening; and strongly recommending his attendance.

The evening arrived; Sir Sampson must attend his club. My lady, and her matron friend, proposed the Theatre.—Sir Sampson departed, with a promise of being home early; while my lady, and her friend, having sent for a hackney-coach, went their own course.

Scarcely was the Knight arrived at the Fortune-teller's, when their coach stopt. He hurried into his *carnal observatory*; when in a few minutes, to his astonishment, and confusion, his own dear rib, with her neighbour, and conductress

distress entered the apartment. My lady, being left alone, was soon reduced to the state in which poor Lucy is displayed in the Plate, and after submitting to the occult exploration of all her private marks, listened attentively to the decrees of her planets. "She was married to a morose elderly man, a little given to jealousy, rather peevish; and, however painful to relate, fond of other women; very rich!—but short lived——would leave her an immense fortune! which she would bestow upon a man of fashion, an officer in the army, young, handsome, constant, and very amorous—was to have twelve children at six births, and live to see them all married! There was a young Irishman, now deeply in love with her; tall, broad shouldered, and athletic: she must be very careful of his attacks, which few women could guard against; and although her husband was very unfit for matrimonial service, she must wait with patience for his departure, which would shortly happen."

To this pleasing prediction, my lady attended with raptures, and asked frequent questions about her second husband, demanding at the same time, if she might not be indulged with a sight of him in the looking-glass, or in reality. But this the stars denied, and she was obliged to be content with his description.

It is not very difficult to conceive the feelings produced by this interview in the mind of the mortified Baronet. Curses, not loud but deep, attended the whole process; and nothing but the shame of being himself exposed, and rendered an object of ridicule, prevented him from breaking covert, and falling furiously upon his faithless associate: prudence, however, prevailed even so far as to keep the secret from his confederate, and friend, the Fortune-teller.

When the ladies departed, he appeared perfectly well satisfied with his enjoyment, made the witch a handsome present, and went home in a humour not of the most agreeable tendency.

After this accident, the Knight's neglect was changed into brutality; and the tall Irishman hinted by the DAME

of ENBOR, was soon found in the person of a professed gambler. Discovery and divorce succeeded; shame, and infamy followed; and my lady, who but for the seduction of a Fortune teller, might have lived in general honour, soon died in universal disgrace, and misery—despised by every female of virtue; and imitated only by the most sensual and depraved.

MILLINERS.

WE have already in one instance proved how very useful, and contributory to seduction, this class of beings may be made ; but in that and other instances which we shall give our readers, we do not mean to cast a general censure ; we believe that, notwithstanding a sort of lightness and frivolity, which are perhaps too often attached to the name of Milliner, there are many very respectable and amiable females, who make that profession the medium of independence ; and, if their honourable, right honourable, and fashionable customers, by paying their bills in a reasonable time, or at any time, would permit, the means of fortune also.

The species of Milliners to which we particularly and decidedly allude, is, that which, in general, consists of repudiated, cast off, and superannuated punks, who make little more of the profession than finesse, and a gloss for the trade of seduction. Oft has our anxious CHERUB observed the secret scenes, the nocturnal orgies of sensuality, the midnight immolations of female virtue, which are made, and celebrated, behind the folding shop doors of a millinary deception ; and it is with a hope amounting almost to certainty, that of preventing many of those misfortunes, that he publishes the arcana of their practices.

When parents, friends, and guardians, shall peruse these Pages with attention, it is the CHERUB's utmost expectation, that innocence will find security in caution, and that the hopes arising from the idea of settled industry, will not be blasted by systematic seduction.

In a retired part of Devon, lived upon a very small fortune, Mr. SAMUEL FIRMAN, a widower, a man of a sedentary disposition, fond of study, and, having experienced much of adversity, rather at discord than unison with the world. He had been a Bristol merchant, and many years unthinkingly, yet deeply, concerned in that inhuman trade, at which Justice and Compassion now revolt with horror. He had, at one time, no less than six ships trading upon the Coast of Africa, in human flesh, and was growing rich, by the means of fraud, murder, and captivity. It happened, however, that those six ships, together with most of their several living cargoes, were all destroyed within twelve months, and their owner in consequence declared a bankrupt.

One was burned by a cask of spirits taking fire in the River Gambia; another was wrecked off Cape Coast Castle; a third, full of slaves, foundered in the passage from Africa, to St. Christopher's; and a fourth fell a sacrifice to no less than three hundred negroes, who in a rash or rather frantic effort for freedom, set fire to the magazine, and blew themselves, and the whole crew up, opposite the English Fort of Anamaboo. What became of the other two, was never rightly understood, but an English ship, by the report of two Liverpool vessels in the same trade, was known to have been cut off by the slaves, about the same time, upon the Ivory Coast, and the whole crew murdered, except two boys, and a man, supposed to be the supercargo, from the description of his person, who were carried up the country. The sixth ship has never yet been heard of. We mention the reason of Mr. Firman's failure, merely because he used afterwards to confess his misfortunes, as just punishments for being concerned in such infamous traffic.

As companions of his retirement, as consolations to his solicitude, Mr. Firman had two daughters; Sophia and Eliza, and a son Frederick. The former were twins, about fourteen years of age, very beautiful, and otherwise highly endowed by nature: the latter, who had been left a small fortune by a maiden aunt, was also a very amiable youth, and intended for the profession of law: he was
about

about seventeen, and under the classical care of a clergyman at Exeter. Mr. Firman, though doatingly fond of his girls, was determined to send them to some reputable seminary of industry; and seeing a flourishing advertisement in a London newspaper, that two *young ladies* were wanted by a milliner, at the West end of the town, immediately wrote to a friend, desiring him to make enquiries as to the terms, situation, and character of the advertiser. The friend, without much attention to duty, made the business as easy as possible. He saw a large house, in a grand neighbourhood, and was received by a smart woman; and to his shallow capacity *that* appeared sufficient.

Mr. Firman received a *satisfactory* answer; for his friend, not only to prove his *trouble*, but his discernment, made the most of the account, and promised great advantages from the connection. The terms being reasonable, and the report being thus satisfactory, Mr. Firman immediately wrote to his friend, desiring him to conclude the business. His hopes were, that his daughters would not only be companions to each other during their apprenticeship, but that they would commence business together; and as they had some very near relations (who by the bye had never noticed them) in the fashionable world, they would make a flourishing fortune in a short time.

As it would be tedious and melancholy to repeat the preparations, and separation of a fond father, and his darling children, we shall pass over that series, and set the sisters down in Jermyn street, at the house of Mrs. Tiffany, where one hundred and twenty guineas were paid as apprentice fees, and where the friend attended to see the indentures duly executed.

The correspondence between Mr. Firman, and his two daughters, was for some time regular and reciprocally affectionate; but by degrees both punctuality and tenderness upon the part of the latter declined—they were so hurried with business, they were indisposed, or they were, in the dull season of the year, upon visits to Mrs. Tiffany's friends in the country; in short, filial duty soon fell off entirely, and, the poor old man at length wrote, until he was tired, to no purpose; they never corresponded but when they drew upon

upon him for money to purchase fine cloaths, and that they did oftener than his circumstances conveniently admitted of.

It now became the time when the son was to leave Devonshire, in pursuit of his professional studies. He was articulated to a very eminent attorney in Gray's Inn, and had letters of recommendation to several persons, highly respected in the law. Being settled, his first business was a visit to his sisters: the *good lady* received him with much kindness; but the Miss Firman's were a little way out of town, and not expected for some days. He saw three other young ladies in the house, highly dressed out, and painted like toyshop dolls, more than with the humble and respectable appearance of business; and though but nineteen years of age, and just come from the most retired part of Devonshire, he formed conclusions not very favourable, either to them, from their appearance; or to his sisters, from the appearance of things in general.

Young Firman took his leave much dissatisfied; but concealing his suspicions, promised to return in a few days; and expressed a hope that, by that time, his sisters would be arrived from the country.

Among other letters, it happened that young Firman had one, recommending him strongly to the son of a west country Baronet, who, to qualify him for the Bar, or perhaps the Bench at Westminster-hall, was studying *Paphian theology* in Lincoln's-Inn. He lost no time in delivering his packet—and as he was a very comely youth, and had a fashionable appearance, though innocent, young Mr. Thornback, the student, thought he would not disgrace him; that his ignorance would afford him subjects of merriment; and, in short, condescended to ask him on the next day, which was Sunday, to accompany him in his curricule to Windsor.

On the road, they became more intimate—and young Thornback opened to him the intention of his journey, which was to see a damned fine girl, that he had in keeping in that neighbourhood, who, damned unluckily, he had got with child, and expected every moment would lie-in. Young Firman was rather too much a green-horn to

to relish much this sort of visit—and Thornback observing him rather grave, cheered him by assuring him that his favourite had a sister, another damned fine girl, with whom he should sleep, if he pleased that night, as she was then upon a visit at his lodgings.

This did not however in the least dispel young Firman's gloom. A thousand thoughts of home, and of the new scenes, into which he was entering, made him appear more and more embarrassed—and they stopt at the gateway of a very handsome house in the outskirts of Windsor, before he could recover himself sufficiently to make any reply.

They had no sooner alighted than a female servant, with a melancholy woe-worn face, informed the squire, that her mistress was brought to bed of a fine boy; but added, with a flood of tears, that its mother was no more! Thornback, though a full trained town buck of little feeling, was greatly shocked at the information—and entering the parlour, threw himself in an extacy of grief on the sofa. At that moment the ears of young Firman were assailed, and his soul rent, with loud lamentations, proceeding from a female voice, to which he had been somewhere accustomed—"Where is he! where is he!" repeated the now well known tongue—the door burst open, and the then only surviving daughter of the unhappy Firman, with hands extended, dishevelled hair, and distracted features, threw herself upon the body of Thornback.

Surprise, shame, grief, and distraction, all uniting in the soul of the wretched brother, his emotions became too strong for his nature, and he sunk senseless on the carpet too; the maid servants, who were the only persons in possession of themselves, assisted to raise him in a chair—and the noise and confusion, occasioned by his situation, in a few moments rousing the sister, her transition was from grief to agony, from agony to despair, upon beholding in the person of a supposed stranger, whom she had not before noticed, that of a beloved, and as she thought a dying brother! She was, at the instant, seized with madness, and nothing but cords could prevent her from putting an end to her existence.

When

When young Firman was sufficiently recovered for enquiry, he demanded to know the reason of what still appeared, a vision of calamity; but his companion was too much affected to enter upon explanation, he instantly ran up to the apartment, where lay the corps of Sophia; and giving orders to his servant to attend the unhappy brother back to London, resigned himself to excessive grief. It is not possible to express the condition of young Firman: upon his return home, he was seized with a violent fever; and it was not without great care and tender humanity, that he ever recovered.

It is not in our power to describe the wretched state of old Firman's misery, when these events were first communicated to him: with every other misfortune of his life, he regarded them as judgments for the horrible crime of trafficking in the human species; and in some degree consoled his wretchedness, by receiving them as visitants of atonement.

After some time, Eliza, his surviving daughter, being restored to reason, she was returned into the country, where her misfortunes are as yet undivulged; and where she now, instead of being a comfort to a declining parent, is a living and perpetual monument and memorandum of his grief, and her own sad destiny.

Before we close this narrative, it is necessary that we give some further account of Mrs. Tiffany: She had herself been, at an early period, seduced by the assistance of a French Milliner, to whom she was indentured, and debauched by Lord L——, of apparition *memory*. Being soon deserted by him, she had run through a great variety of changes, and was at length kept by an antiquated West-Indian Merchant, of the name of C—g—l—n, equally famous for setting fire to the bed on which he lay, and endeavouring to consume himself, together with many thousand pounds in Bank of England notes. From this antiquated lecher, she obtained a large sum of money; and having taken and furnished a house in Jermyn-street, affected the business of a Milliner, that she might the more unsuspectingly carry on that of Baud and Seducer.

She had not been a resident in Jermyn-street more than four years, when it is computed that, by means of advertisements, and making unfortunate young girls pay in fees of apprenticeship, for the ruin she involved them in, she did not save a less sum than ten thousand pounds; with which she now lives in splendour on the Continent.

Her custom was, after some time, by easy gradations, to destroy the morals, and stimulate the passions of her young victims: and having prepared them in that way, to shew and sell them to the highest bidder.

The two lovely Firmans were but six months in her house, and not quite fifteen years of age, when they were prostituted; one to a Sharper and Gambler, for the sum of two hundred pounds; and the other for five hundred, to an old debilitated Viscount.

APPARENT

APPARENT WOMEN OF FASHION.

TO complete this work, there yet remains another exposure. There are a class of women who, preserving some appearance of fashion, and under the specious appearance of good houses, and a punctual discharge of tradesmen's demands, prevent every minute enquiry into the reality of their circumstances or means of existence. We might perhaps, with infinite propriety, in this part of our general admonition, take notice of those Sunday meeting-houses, where the theory and practice of vice, is, as it were, *set to music*; where concerts of vocal and instrumental harmony, lull the senses into a religious apathy, and raise the passions into a sensual fermentation; where the gross and abominable vice of gambling is disguised by the soft graces of feminine association; and where the ROAD TO RUIN is made smooth and captivating by the delusions of luxury. But we shall, at least for the present, pass over those delusive seminaries, with a general recommendation, That parents and guardians will not suffer their young female charges to unite with such dangerous companions, and upon occasions so opposite to the meaning of that solemn day which we allude to.

The persons who, under the appearance of fashion, more immediately affect the cause of female virtue, and of whom we now speak, are generally women who have been themselves, at an early period of life, seduced from those paths from which, like *fallen angels*, they endeavour to lead others: but happily they are not so common in the metropolis as those whom we have before taken notice of.

They contrive, as before mentioned, to live in much appearance of respect, and make the public semblance of precise decorum, the private mask of atrocious infamy. They watch the public Register Offices, which every day present young, innocent, and beautiful objects; and they regularly read the several News-papers, to answer all advertisements inserted by young women *wanting places*. Accordingly, when by one or other of these devices, they have selected such young girls as they think will suit the sensual appetites of their numerous employers, they contrive, by a great variety of systematic *manœuvres*, to dispose of them to advantage. They generally list

H

them

them as to the situations to which they have been accustomed—their connections—their views—their tempers—their experience—and their innocence, and class them out, agreeably to the age, and palates of their customers.

In the progress of this *plunder of beauty and innocence*, the pandars have their regular correspondents in town and country, and their stated times, or markets, in which they shew their commodities—At tea, (for they are invited to that distinguished honour) Betty, or Susan, or Molly, is shewn off to the best advantage; and if suitable, disposed of accordingly. Some are sent into the country as chambermaids to widowers; others as house-maids to bachelors; others as house-keepers to *goodnatured* old gentlemen; others, again, to elderly ladies of the same class; or any thing they please to make of them: But, in almost every distinction, they are sure to be ruined. Before they are fully disposed of, and sent from the house, the fashionable Abigail takes care to poison their morals, to destroy their modesty, and to break down every barrier of virtue.

Some time ago, a young woman, or rather girl, daughter of farmer Morris, in but middling circumstances, with a large family, took it into her head to travel from Basingstoke to London, in hopes of bettering her fortune: She had a recommendation to an old friend of her mother's in York-buildings; but, unfortunately, upon arriving there, she found that friend a corpse! The grief and confusion occasioned by such a melancholy event, may naturally be supposed. Poor Sally could find no one to give her a welcome; and, after weeping for some time over the body of her expected patroness she retired; and after many a long and anxious footstep, guided by an imperfect direction, at length found out a young woman with whom she had been intimate in Hampshire, and who then lived as servant in a respectable house at Knightsbridge. This friend received her kindly; obtained permission for her to continue in the house until she got into service, and advised her to advertise for a place; with which she complied.

The same day in which her advertisement appeared, she was sent for to Marybone-street; and the next morning she attended the summons. The appearance of the house pleased her opening ambition, even before she entered it; and, when she entered, the gracious manner of her reception quite charmed her. In short, Sally was immediately hired to wait upon the *lady's* own person.

Sally had been but a day in her new situation, when her kind mistress made her some very handsome presents; fine caps, fine shoes, and a fine silk gown: she had her hair cut in simple negligence; and Sally, from such improvements of dress, scarcely knew her own figure.

Shortly

Shortly after this, an elderly gentleman, a captain, drank tea in Marybone-street—Sally attended; and was enraptured at all the fine things said to her: upon retiring, the captain kissed her, and gave her a guinea, as he truly said, to prove how he admired her.

When he withdrew, Sally was informed by her good mistress, that the captain's sister wanted a companion; and that, as she seemed to be deserving of encouragement, she would recommend her. "A companion!" thought Sally: "why, then, my fortune is at once made!" With her trunks well loaded, and her person well dizen'd out, Sally was sent off, with strong recommendation, to what her patroness called, a *rising* situation.

The captain's *sister* lived about a mile from the metropolis, and when SALLY arrived, she was *out upon* a visit. The *Lady*, however, returned before supper, and behaved altogether as kind to Sally as her first mistress had done.

Sally was at length shewn to her apartment, where every thing was so grand, as to raise her little vanity to the highest pitch. She went to bed; but was scarcely laid down, when the door of a closet opened, and discovered the captain himself in his night gown and slippers—poor Sally gave a loud scream; but the captain smothered her with kisses, and in short made good his intentions.

Poor Sally's fate was now sealed; she saw clearly into the whole process of her seduction; but had no remedy. She was friendless, and moneyless; and possibly, if she had had both, she might not complain. She had been, as already observed, trained for prostitution; and was not, therefore, much displeased with an accident which promised her so much grandeur.

To make the narrative as brief as truth will admit, Sally continued in the house, which was merely hired for this, and other such occasions, nearly two months; during which she was pretty constantly visited by her grave lover. At the end of that time, however, she found herself soon likely to be a mother; and had the additional mortification to find her captain falling off in his visits and affection. One evening, as she was ruminating upon her case, she received a note to the following effect:

MY CHARMING SALLY,

I Am obliged to tear myself from your embraces, my regiment being suddenly ordered to foreign service. I have inclosed you a draft for twenty pounds; out of which pay the rent of the lodging you are now in, and take a cheaper one in some private street, until you hear again from your

Affectionate friend,

L. LAWRENCE.

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Upon

Upon the perusal of this billet, poor Sally fainted away. The good lady of the house came to her assistance; and, having recovered and comforted her, expressed a sincere sorrow, not only for her misfortune, but that she had actually let her house to a family, who must come in in two days.

The disconsolate Sally, having paid the rent, which amounted to fifteen pounds out of her twenty, on the very next day, was obliged to seek for herself. Her spirits were too low and dejected for a visit to Marybone-street; and her appearance totally precluded her from the consolation of the young woman at Knightsbridge. She took shelter at a lodging in a small chandler-shop in Pimlico, from whence she wrote a letter to her Captain, consigned to the woman of her first lodging, and sat herself down to await the decrees of her fate.

In a very short time, her remaining five pounds were expended; and as she could not in her present situation, seek for any employment, she was at length obliged to part with almost all the finery, which she had collected in her *servitudes*. Being reduced to the lowest ebb, and not knowing the moment she might be taken ill, she one morning borrowed the Daily Advertiser, to look for some charitable asylum, where she might be received during the term of so critical a period; and there, to her astonishment, observed an advertisement for an housemaid, with a reference to one of her late mistress's tradesmen. It immediately struck her, that this was a lure to ensnare some unfortunate young woman, into a similar destruction; and she was immediately determined to make an advantage of retribution. Time and circumstances had altered her much; and dressing herself in the best manner she could, and as much as possible concealing the evidence of her connection with the captain, she applied in person for the place. As she suspected, so it was: she was sent to Marybone-street; and, as she hoped, so it happened, she was neither known nor suspected. In her present appearance, the artful Sally was just what was wanting; she was hired, treated kindly, and found herself happy in the prospect of revenge.

The morning of the second day, Mary (for that was her new name) was taken suddenly ill. The family surgeon and apothecary was sent for, and upon examination, he at once declared her to be in strong labour! Nothing could exceed the rage and consternation of the good Lady, on account of the *scandal* brought upon her house: she must directly quit it; and, at any price, get into the first lodging that offered: but while she was thus exclaiming, Mary began to *exclaim* also; and in a few minutes was delivered of a *young Captain*.

While matters were thus situated; the lady in a rage, the doctor busy, the child dressing &c. nothing could be explained: but no sooner was the confusion subsided, than Mary desiring to be left alone with

with her angry mistress, discovered herself, and disclosed the whole of her history ; adding, that without the met with good care, and tender treatment, she would expose every thing to the world.

The astonished and confounded priestess of seduction, affected to be compassionate ; and upon extorting a promise of profound secrecy, suffered her temple to become an hospital for five weeks. In addition to this good fortune, Sally found out the real character of her lover, who was Member of Parliament for a Borough in Yorkshire, a married man, and possessed of large fortune, though of an avaricious disposition. Being a girl of spirit, she threatened him also ; and compelled him, through fear, to do, what in justice and humanity, he would have refused—to provide amply for the child, and to allow her a considerable sum of money.

Having thus recited many of the secret modes by which artless innocence, blushing modesty, and all the more soft, polished, and heavenly attributes of female loveliness are defaced and ruined ; by which parental happiness, filial duty, and domestic comforts, are contaminated and destroyed ; it remains only with the CHERUB to offer up an ardent oraison——That a just comprehension may obtain of his motive, and that his preventive intentions may meet with the success which every virtuous mind must wish them.

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